



Repeat



116 5 12

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Bandaged, beaten, bleeding, and broken.

If your English teacher had survived the vicious onslaught, he would have been very proud of your alliteration.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



You grip your sword. No use in mourning the dead. If you're lucky, you'll go the same way as them.

Now for some repetition.

Your weapon hits the thick cloaks of the automatons with a thick click clack, click clack. The onomatopoeia would be much more welcome to your shattered nerves had it come at a better time. The black hooded figure lashes to your right with a heavy metal arm, and his silver partner follows suit to your left, the two hoping to catch you in the middle. You are no kebab, however. Your superior reflexes have brought you swiftly to their flanks, where quick work of your sword soon had them both down and bleeding gratuitous oil. Just two more victims of a million man

war. And you're the last one standing.

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Your teacher would have picked up very fast, very soon if you, the story is going to

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Chapter 3 by Cheshire_in_Wonderland



It will, soon.

And the excessive use of imagery would've impressed your teacher, but sadly, he lay in the corner with a sword driven through him, as he bled drops of red.

Your sword - you took it from a soldier you slain with simply a kitchen knife. The slaughter first began in the cafeteria, where you were all packed tight, eating gross food.

You were a literal lamb to the slaughter.

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